THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

Various, that the mind of desultory man, studious of change and pleased with novelty, may be indulged—Cowp.

Vol. V. *Philadelphia, Saturday, June* 25, 1808. No. 26.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

TRAVELS.

LETTERS FROM GENEVA AND FRANCE.

Written during a residence of between two and three years in different parts of those countries, and addressed to a lady in Virginia.

(*Continued from page* 389.)

LETTER XXV.

My dear E——,

AS you have Dr. Moore's travels upon the shelves of your bookcase, you may now turn to what he says of Geneva, and observe, in particular, his description of the Sunday-night societies, into which the whole town, and particularly the female part of it is divided, from the opulent matron of seventy, to the little semstress, who trips along in her spencer, with her ridicule suspended from her arm, and the profits of many a week's labour bestowed upon some ornament on her person. If a society becomes by the admission of new members, at length too numerous to meet any longer with conveniency, it is either dissolved, or it is separated into two or more portions, each of which, like the parts of the Polypus, shoots out a new head, and becomes a perfect society: the boys have also their societies, and when of a proper age, and on certain conditions, are admitted into those of the young ladies: the men of an advanced age have their circles, where, "Wise through time, and narrative through age" they meet, and regulate the affairs of Europe, or descending into the garden, if the circle is provided with one, they "Lean on the wall and bask before the sun." There are also family societies, in which on certain days, and generally once a week, the old and the young of one connexion meet, a custom of all others I admire, and which is particularly essential here, where the different ages are so much, upon all other occasions, in the habit of living or of at best passing their

time apart from each other: it is a pity, that with all their good sense, the people of Geneva, should have suffered the very trifling circumstance of living on the hill, or at the foot of it, to be a source of odious distinction, and that from this, or some other such imaginary scale of rank in society, there should have sprung a degree of animosity which has been more than once attended with very serious consequences: one of their exiled citizens, who of all others afterwards contributed with the most virulence to the humiliation of his native country, and who is suspected by many of having entertained worse views, had been repulsed in a proposal he made of placing his daughter in a society of young persons, who lived a little higher up the hill: he was a man of genius and of knowledge, but of strong passions: having embarked in the French revolution, he foresaw the probability of that unjust fate which had swept away so many, and having resolved, in case he should be brought before the revolutionary tribunal, to put an end to himself before the mock sentence could be passed, he resolutely executed his purpose, and his wife as resolutely performed the promise she had made of not surviving him. Their object was to preserve their property from confiscation for the sake of their daughter, nor can we refuse them our admiration; one may truly say with the Latin poet, that there are many who remain inglorious for want of an historian. But I can conceive your impatience all this time to know what I think of the ladies of Geneva, and that you have as many questions to ask upon the occasion as Mrs. Tabitha Bramble put to captain Lismihago: I cannot however, you should recollect, be supposed to be half as well informed as the captain was, for it has been by no means my fate to be as well circumstanced for that purpose. I can tell you, however, that there are few that can be called handsome, but numbers who have an animated, pleasing, cheerful air, and something better than beauty in their faces: they are generally below your size, wear rouge universally after marriage, but so as to imitate nature, and dress themselves to advantage; if I might venture however to make an observation on their appearance in publick, it would be to regret, that they attach so much importance to a certain fullness of form about the bosom: they deserve our thanks no doubt, as Addison somewhere says of the ladies in his time, for the courage with which they brave the inclemency of the weather in order to give us a sample of their beautiful persons. It is surprising that they should be led by the influence of fashion to adopt a style of dress, so much at variance with that great attention to decorum, which so generally distinguishes them. As they are well and virtuously brought up, we may presume that they make good wives; there is nowhere indeed a greater appearance of domestick happiness, than at Geneva, and the inhabitants still retain the very pretty custom of annexing the wife's name to the husband's. In a place where science is so diffused, and men of learning are at the same time men of the world, the conversation of the ladies naturally assumes more of a scientifick turn than with us in America, and society so far gains by it; but I could have wished that somewhat more of ancient simplicity had been retained, and

that a certain softness of phrase, and extreme gentleness of manner had never been adopted: words and sentences are no more apt to be misunderstood indeed, where common use has fixed their value, than a pound sterling is likely to be confounded with a pound in weight; but a stranger at Geneva must have some experience not to be led into mistakes, and to know with certainty, that all expressions of very great satisfaction at his approach, or of regret at his departure are words of course; that his presence diffuses no more delight than that of any other individual would have done, and that, whatever they may say, no one will be in agonies during his absence, or break their heart should they never see his face again: I have often thought, that a very good letter, like that of the king of Bantam's minister in the Spectator, might be written upon this subject. In losing their independence, the Genevans had been deprived of a great many amusements, which were connected with it, and which you may see well described by Moore, who possessed the talent of relating, and who after having made us smile at the event of a martial representation in Plein-Palais, where the rage of the combatants was allayed by a call to dinner, paints the interesting scene of a whole people assembled at one general repast. These military exercises were latterly mere matters of amusement. But the Genevans were once a warlike people, in proportion to their means, and their annals like those of all nations who have had to struggle for their political existence, contain some brilliant moments and some sad reverses of fate.

You may have formed an idea of these beautiful environs from books of travels, and from what I have attempted to describe to you; but the view is in several instances rendered far more interesting by some knowledge of the events, which a particular spot has been the scene of in former times. I never saw the young people of the city collected in groupes during the summer of a Sunday afternoon, on the edge of the opposite hill of La Batie, or appearing and vanishing again like imaginary beings among the trees, but I derived an additional satisfaction from beholding at the same time the ruins of the neighbouring fort, which was so long the torment of their ancestors: it is agreeable too to see Lancy, once a place of rendezvous for the banditti enemy of the neighbourhood, and subjected as such to the midnight horrours of military execution, now the undisturbed residence of a race of peaceful Spanish sheep; and when worried and questioned by the custom-house officers at the little village of Versoi, one remembers with a sort of satisfaction, that this very Versoi was taken by storm some two hundred years ago. A glorious effort was made in the year 1540 to vintage at the expense of the Savoyards near the neighbouring town of Bonne, and the Genevans having been attacked on their return, were so brave and so fortunate as to repulse a very superiour enemy, and to save their wine: their march into the city with the spoils of the day and upwards of one hundred prisoners must have had very much the air of a Roman triumph. There is no place whence the view of the neighbouring mountains, and of the Alps in all their magnificence, and of the Lake in its full extent is better commanded than from a beautiful country seat call-

ed Le Bouchet, which however derives an additional interest from the great and bloody battle fought there, in which the Genevans were defeated. Their contests were not however confined to the narrow circle of the next towns and villages—they took Thonon, they compelled Evian to pay a ransom, they destroyed the fort of Ripialle, where the duke of Savoy had prepared a flotilla for the invasion of Geneva; they assisted Berne with three armed vessels in the siege of Chillon, and made Chambery, the capital of all Savoy, tremble at the distance of full fifty miles—And let no one think the worse of these exertions for having been confined to so small a theatre,

"Or grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor:"

When pressed by Berne and Fribourg in the year 1531 to submit to the pretensions of the duke of Savoy, their answer was such as became men who knew the value of freedom; there was no expense, no danger they would not incur, they said, for the protection of their independence; death itself was to be courted in defence of their just rights: when surprised in the midst of a winter's night, at a time as they supposed, of profound peace, by a bold inveterate foe, their courage was most honourably proved, and the success was such as their courage and their cause deserved. You may easily conceive how the anecdotes of this great event, which is termed the Escalade in Genevan History, have been treasured up, from the first approach of the enemy to their final repulse, and how the exploits of every individual are recorded, from the woman who killed a soldier with an iron pot, to the aged magistrate who boldly advanced upon the foe, and died fighting at the head of the people.

But the military honours of Geneva have rapidly faded away, the anniversary of the Escalade is scarcely remembered, the trophies of that memorable night no longer excite the patriotism of the citizens, and the arquebusiers, the artillerists, and the bombardiers, so renowned in former times, are now confounded in one general mass of peaceable French subjects.

You may remember in Moore's description, a certain king Moses, the first, whom he gravely represents as surrounded by his courtiers and family, and presiding at a military festival, and may wish to know what fate awaited the hapless monarch in the scene of general ruin which ensued, as Dido was desirous of being told by Æneas, what had been the end of Priam. The commissioners of the armed mediation in eighty-two treated the monarch with very little ceremony, and deposed him, but suffered him to live at large as a private citizen: in eighty-nine, when the people reassumed with some violence a portion of the power, they had been deprived of, king Moses was restored, and remained in quiet possession of all his honours for some time, but in the year ninety-six he was seen stretched upon a mattress in the common prison, confounded among the victims of that frightful period, like king Priam upon the shores of the Hellespont, without a title and without a name: but I almost reproach myself for trifling upon a circumstance any way connected with a period, the horrours of which I must soon bring you acquainted with, and which I dread as I should the recital of

some great domestick misfortune.

—

LETTER XXVI.

The Genevans are very fond of society, and besides their regular meetings, which I have described to you, there are frequent tea-parties given by the ladies, who invite on such occasions as many of their own sex as they have chairs for, besides as many men as they can collect: these last are seen huddled up together in the midst of the room, a few more fortunate than the rest à l'Anglaise upon the hearth, whilst the ladies describe a formal segment of a circle, and one universal buzz, I had almost said uproar of conversation is kept up: at a certain period of the evening, which varies according to the more or less fashionable ton of the house, two or three servants appear bringing in a table, which at first sight looks like a moveable altar, but is found covered with preparations for making tea, with all its accompaniments, which are here far more extensive than with us: the cups and various sorts of cakes and pastry, are now handed about, and the uproar of conversation continues, uproar is too strong an expression, I confess, but the noise is something very like it, though attended, it must be observed with politeness, and with great good humour. To the tea-equipage succeeds as many card tables as the company may require, and the genius and knowledge of the lady of the house is displayed in placing those together who prefer each other's company, and in making them play at the game they like best: good order and silence now succeed (as when the distinct elements sprung up out of chaos) to the confusion of the moment before, and the company seem shrunk to a diminished size, which would remind you of Milton's Pandemonium, and of the miracle that took place there: it has made me sorry upon such occasions to see a delicate and pretty woman toiling through a numerous company, with a pack of cards in her hands, inviting some, and soliciting or commanding others, to draw a card, and to take their places, but it has been afterwards consoling to behold her resting from her labours, as she sat with self-complacency, surveying the various groups she had so skilfully arranged; Buonaparte reviewing his army, after they had crossed the Alps, could hardly have been more gratified.

Of publick amusements there are but few; there is a playhouse indeed, but it is not much frequented, and there are now and then private concerts; but musick, though executed, I believe, to perfection, is not such as I expected to find it; like stage dancing it seems rather an execution of skill than of taste, and is very remote from conveying any expression that I can give a name to; my means of observation have been indeed very much circumscribed as yet, and I may think differently when I get to Paris.

There are private balls also from time to time, (for dancing is a very favourite amusement) and it would be very agreeable to be present at them, were they not so crowded, but one would think, that every body here were of Miss Larolle's opinion, when she talks with delight of having been so squeezed at a ball, that she could hardly breathe.

The city having been for ages circumscribed by fortifications, has never been susceptible of much

augmentation and the houses are consequently not in proportion to the number of inhabitants: many families therefore are compelled to reside under the same roof, a circumstance, which by no means promotes either cleanliness or comfort: it is owing to this no doubt, as well as to the beauty of the surrounding country, that so many of the families of Geneva pass their summer out of town. Their country houses are generally large and handsome, and though a proper taste for ornamental gardening does not prevail, yet vineyards and wheat fields on a slope terminated by water, and by a distant view of lofty mountains, are in themselves such beautiful appendages, that if you imagined these interspersed with comfortable houses, where the delight of shade is generally secured, you may suppose with truth, that it would be difficult to find here what would not anywhere else be called a pretty place.

Mountains are everywhere, I think, agreeable to the sight, and they are particularly so, as seen from the environs of Geneva: they are cultivated to as great a height as the soil will admit of, they form a field of observation to the botanist and natural philosopher, they are replete with evidences of those great operations of nature, which carry the mind up to periods the most remote in the history of the globe, and they afford a retreat during the summer to a nation of herdsmen, who, lost to all the knowledge of what is going on in the world, confine their attention to their cattle and to the making of cheese.

I will endeavour in some future letter to give you an idea of the simple and uniform turn of the pastoral life in the high regions: at present I could only do it from the descriptions of others, but I hope to judge for myself during the summer.

For The Port Folio.

CRITICISM.

Odes from the Norse and Welch tongues.

The second of the Odes from the Norse and Welch tongues is that entitled, The Descent of Odin, from the Norse.

The Descent of Odin.

Uprose the King of Men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed,
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.*
Him the Dog of Darkness† spied,
His shaggy throat he opened wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage filled,
Foam and human gore distilled:
Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow, and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The Father of the Powerful Spell.
Onward still his way he takes,
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes),
Till full before his fearless eyes,
The portals nine of hell arise.
Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sate,
Where long ago to sleep was laid
The dust of the prophetick maid:
Facing to the Northern clime.
Thrice he traced the Runick rhyme;
Thrice pronounced, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead,‡

---

* Nistheimr, the hell of the Gothick nations, consisted of nine words, to which were devoted all such as died of sickness, old age, or by any other means than in battle. Over it presided Hela, the Goddess of Death.

Hela, in the Edda, is described with a dreadful countenance, and her body half flesh colour and half blue. *Gray.*

† The Edda gives this dog the name of Managarmor: he fed upon the lives of those who were to die. *Mason.*

‡ *The thrilling verse that wakes the dead.* The original word is *Valgallor;* from *vallor,* mortuus, and *gallor,* incantation. *Gray.*

Thrilling is surely a very fine epithet in this place. *Mason.*

Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a sullen sound—

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume,
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, the driving rain,
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls, a warriour's son.
Thou the deeds of light shalt know;
Tell me what is done below;§
For whom that glit'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet, see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold;
Balder's head to death is giv'n;
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n—
Unwilling I my lips unclose:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey—
Prophetess|| arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the authour of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Holder's hand the hero's doom:
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

O prophetess, my call obey!
Once again arise, and say,
Who th' avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the west,
By Odin's fierce embrace compressed,
A wond'rous boy shall bind a bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
'Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile,
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet awhile my call obey,
Prophetess, awake and say,
What virgins¶ these, in speechless wo,
That bend to earth their solemn brow;
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snow veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose,
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no traveller art thou,
King of men, I know thee now,
Mightiest of a mighty line——

ODIN.

No boding, maid of skill divine,

---

§ Odin, we find, both from this ode, and the Edda, was solicitous about the fate of his son Balder, who had dreamed he was soon to die. The Edda mentions the manner of his death, when killed by Odin's other son Hoder, and also, that Hoder was himself slain afterwards by Vali, the son of Odin and Rinda, consonant with this prophecy. *Mason.*

|| Women were looked upon by the Gothick nations, as having a peculiar insight into futurity; and some there were that made profession of magick arts and divination. These travelled round the country, and were received in every house with great respect and honour Such a woman, bore the name of Volva Seidkona or Spakona.—The dress of Thorbiorga, one of these prophetesses, is described at large in Eiric's *Rauda Sogu (apud Bartholin. lib* 1, *cap. iv p.* 688.) She had on a blue vest, spangled all over with stones, a necklace of glass beads, and a cap made of the skin of a black lamb, lined with a white cat-skin—She leaned on a staff adorned with brass, with a round head, set with stones: and was girt with a Hunlandish belt, at which hung her pouch, full of magical instruments. Her buskins were of rough calf-skin, bound with thongs, studded with knobs of brass, and her gloves of white cat-skin; the fur turned inwards, &c.

They were also called *Fiolkyngi*, or Fiolkunnug; *i. e. Multi-scia;* and *Visindakona; i. e.* Oraculorum Mulier, *Nomir; i. e.* Parcæ. *Gray.*

¶ These were probably the Nomir, or Parcæ, just now mentioned; their names were Urda, Verdandi, and Skulda; they were the dispensers of good destinies. As their names signify time past, present and future, it is probable they were always invisible to mortals: therefore, when Odin asks this question on seeing them, he betrays himself to be a god: which elucidates the next speech of the prophetess. *Mason.*

Art thou nor prophetess of good;**
But mother of a giant-brood?

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall inquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again
Till Lok†† has burst his tenfold chain;
Never, till substantial Night,
Has reassum'd her ancient right,
Till, wrapp'd in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabrick of the world!

'The original,' says Mr. Gray, 'is to be found in Bartholinus, *de Causis Contemnendæ Mortis.*

Upreis Odinn allda gautr, &c.

The following is the Latin version:

THE VEGTAMS KVITHA, *from Bartholinus, lib.* III, *p.* 632.

Surgebat Odinus,
Virorum summus;
Et Sleipnerum,
Ephippio stravit.
Equitabat deorsum
Niflhelam versus.
Obviam habuit Catellum
Ab Helæ habitaculis venientem;
Huic sanguine aspersa erant,
Pectus anterius,
Rictus, mordendi avidus,
Et maxillarum infima:
Allatrabat ille,
Et rictum diduxit
Magicæ patri,
Et diu latrabat.

Equitavit Odinus
(Terra subtus tremuit)
Donec ad altum veniret
Helæ habitaculum,
Tum equitavit Odinus
Ad Orientale ostii latus,
Ubi Fatidicæ
Tumulum esse novit.

Sapienti carmina
Mortuos excitantia cecinit,
Boream inspexit,
Literas (tumulo) imposuit,
Sermones proferre cœpit,
Responsa proposcit,
Donec invita surgeret,
Et mortuorum sermonem proferret.

FATIDICA.

Quisnam hominum
Mihi ignotorum
Mihi facere præsumit
Tristem animum?
Nive eram, et
Nimbo aspersa,
Pluviaque rorata:
Mortua diu jacui.

ODINUS.

Viator, nominor
Bellatoris filius sum.
Enarra mihi quæ apud
Helam geruntur.
Ego tibi quæ in mundo
Cuinam sedes Auro stratæ sunt,
Lecti pulchri,
Auro ornati?

FATIDICA.

Hic Baldero Medo,
Paratus extat,
Purus potus,
Scuto super injecto:
Divina vero soboles
Dolore afficietur.
Invita hæc dixi,
Jamque silebo.

ODINUS.

Noli, Fatidica, tacere,
Te interrogare volo,
Donec omnia novero.
Adhuc scire volo,
Quisnam Baldero
Necem inferet,
Ac Odini filium
Vita privabit?

FATIDICA.

Hodus excelsum fert
Honoratum fratrum illuc.
Is Baldero
Necem inferet,
Et Odini filium
Vita privabit.
Invita hæc dixi,
Jamque tacebo.

** In the Latin, *Mater trium Geganlum*, means, therefore, probably, Angerbode, who, from her name, seems to be *no prophetess of good*, and who bore to Lok, as the Edda says, three children; the Wolf Tenris, the great Serpent of Midgard, and Hela, all of them called giants, in that wild but curious system of mythology; with which if the reader wishes to be acquainted, he had better consult the translation of Mr. Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, than the original itself; as some mistakes of consequence are corrected by the translator. The book is entitled *Northern Antiquities*. Printed for Carnan, 1770, 2 vols. 8vo. *Mason.*

†† Lok is the evil being, who continues in chains till the twilight of the gods approaches; when he shall break his bonds; the human race, the stars, the sun shall disappear; the earth sink in the seas, and fire consume the skies; even Odin himself, and his kindred deities shall perish. For a further explanation of this mythology, see Mallet's *Introduction to the History of Denmark*, 1755, quarto. *Gray.*

ODINUS.

Noli tacere Fatidica,
Adhuc te interrogare volo,
Donec omnia novero.
Adhuc scire volo,
Quisnam Hodo
Odium rependet
Aut Baldero interfectorem
Occidendo rogo adaptet?

FATIDICA.

Rinda filium pariet
In habitaculis occidentalibus:
Hic Odini filius,
Unam noctem natus, armis utetur.
Manum non lavabit,
Nec caput pectet,
Antequam rogo imponet
Balderi inimicum.
Invita hæc dixi,
Jamque tacebo.

ODINUS.

Noli tacere, Fatidica,
Adhuc te interrogare volo,
Quænam sint virgines,
Quæ præ cogitationibus lacrymantur.
Et in cœlum jaciunt
Cervicem pepla?
Hoc solum mihi dicas,
Nam prius non dormies.

FATIDICA.

Non tu Viator es,
Ut antea credidi,
Sed potius Odinus,
Virorum summus.

ODINUS.

Tu non es Fatidica,
Nec sapiens fœmina,
Sed potius trium
Gigantum mater.

FATIDICA.

Equita domum Odine,
Ac in his gloriæ:
Nemo tali modo veniet
Ad sciscitandum,
Usque dum Lokus
Vinculis solvatur,
Et deorum crepusculum
Dissolventes aderint.

The Signora Aveduta.

From the German and French.

(*Continued from page* 394.)

You may easily suppose how much I had to suffer from such a temper and from such a disposition, as unfortunately is but too common with those whom nature has endowed with uncommon talents. What principally shocked me in him was, the false modesty with which he spoke of his figure; I had flattered myself that I should soon get accustomed to it, and I *have* known persons who, though far from handsome, have by their wit, spriteliness and agreeable conversation, soon made one forget their personal defects, but they had not, to be sure, the ridiculous habit of adverting constantly to those defects, whereas the Count was always complaining of the manner in which he had been treated by nature; the real motive for which, was not as you might suppose, with a view of exciting my compassion, but in the hope of forcing a compliment from me: to oblige me to say that he wronged himself, and that if he was not handsome at least he was to a supreme degree agreeable. All this for a length of time, and from a person whom one sees every day, must become insupportable, and I at last left his complaints unanswered, and my silence was the first cause of dissatisfaction which he could allege against me. His vanity was still more troublesome in another way, from morning to evening he was at my side with his lute and his fine voice, and it seemed that my life was to be passed in listening to, and admiring him—Notwithstanding my passion for musick, and his talents for that delightful art, I could bear it no longer, and in six weeks time I was so completely tired of his verses and of his musick, that I could have wished him hoarse for the rest of his life, and his lute one hundred feet under ground.

As soon as the Count began to discover that I no longer took the same interest in his complaints, and that my admiration for his talents was fast diminishing, he became silent, melancholy, and captious—In vain I expostulated with him on his singular conduct, I soon perceived that he had conceived against mine the most dishonourable suspicions, and it was thus he accounted to himself for the visible diminution of my admiration of

his merit. The general tenour of my conduct, however, at length convinced him of his mistake, but he was still so narrow minded as to wish to debar me from the most innocent amusements, provoked as he was that they occupied a part of that time and attention which he considered himself as having an exclusive right to. One day that I could not refrain from laughing at this puerile vanity, he revenged himself by behaving to me in a manner which obliged me to claim my father's protection, nor would I again trust myself under his roof until he had given me sufficient security for his future good conduct; but the most inveterate hatred had taken place of his former love for me, and though his fear of offending my relations occasioned him to stifle his resentment, he had but too many opportunities of tormenting me in secret, and absolutely rendered life indifferent to me.

At the end of two years death again came to my relief, and I was a second time a widow, and firmly resolved to remain so, and never again to put my happiness in the power of another—But what would you have me do, I am of a social disposition, my turn is for domestick life, and in short, to tell you the truth, I have had solitude enough; but were I to venture a third time into matrimony, who knows but what I might a third time be deceived? I began by choosing the handsomest man in the world, but was soon tired to death of him; I next thought myself sure of happiness with one of distinguished talents, and *he tormented* me!

Now, pray tell me Sir, what sort of a man shall I choose next? "Let the object of your choice be a person, Madam, said I, in whose company you shall have been more than once, and who has other recommendations than a handsome figure and a fine voice!"

BIOGRAPHY.

Dr. Radcliffe was a native of Wakefield in Yorkshire, and observed by the neighbouring gentry to be a boy of excellent capacity; this circumstance, together with the numerous family of his parents, induced them to educate him at their own expense: when 15 years of age, he was sent to University College, where his mother (then a widow) assisted him in obtaining a thorough knowledge of Botany, Chymistry, and Anatomy. He afterwards became a fellow of Lincoln College, and commenced physician with a sovereign contempt for the works of medical writers: "There," said he, "is Radcliffe's library," pointing to a few books on a window seat. The faculty in revenge called his cures "*Guesswork*," and he retorted by terming them "*Old Nurses*."

His abhorrence of the absurd practice of consulting the w—r of patients is well known. Nature was his guide, and she led him to adopt a cool regimen in the small pox, which has saved numbers of lives, and preserved the smoothness and beauty of many faces. Several circumstances conspired to render his residence at Oxford unpleasant, he therefore went to London, where his practice became general, and he was equally celebrated for his wit, and his prescriptions; the former blazed forth with native frankness, without respect to place or persons: he told king William, "I would not have your *two* legs for your *three* kingdoms," and queen Anne, by a messenger, who had been sent for him, that "Her majesty was as well as any woman in England, if she would think so."

Dr. Radcliffe was a firm friend, and his lamentations on the death of the duke of Beaufort and lord Craven do honour to his feelings; he has however been accused of parsimony, and neglect of his family; the latter charge he endeavoured to obviate by leaving liberal annuities to his two sisters, two nephews, and a neice, and rewarding his servants: several acts are recorded of his benevolence, and he not only forgave, but provided

for a criminal who had robbed him, and exulted in restoring a servant whom he suspected, and had dismissed. He was once informed of a considerable loss he had sustained by the capture of a ship in which some of his property had been embarked, and answered the usual compliments of condolence with a smile and " put round the bottle my lord, I have only to go up 250 pair of stairs to make myself whole again."

It is believed that he distributed large sums in private charity to the nonjuring clergy of England, and the deprived Episcopal clergy of Scotland; and he is known to have been very liberal to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and to his friend Dr. Walker, a Roman Catholick, to whom he gave a handsome competence, and a respectable funeral after his decease; it has been suspected that he gave his purse with his friendship to Dr. Sacheverell.

His constitution was strong, and he had a turn for conviviality, but when he entertained Prince Eugene, he gave him plain beef and pudding, for which the Prince returned him thanks as having considered him " not as a courtier, but as a soldier."

He was to have married a lady with 15,000l. fortune, who endeavoured to conceal her pregnancy by a favoured rival; far from resenting her conduct after the discovery, he pleaded to her father for forgiveness, and advised him to marry her to the man of her choice, that he might give his property *legally* to the young " *Hans-en Kelder.*"

Dr. Radcliffe died November 1, 1714, and was buried at St. Mary's church, Oxford, with a solemnity commensurate to his munificence to that University. His death is supposed to have been accelerated by the vexation he experienced for not having attended Queen Anne during her last moments, as ordered by the privy council.

His property (exclusive of the legacies mentioned above) he bequeathed to the University of Oxford, where his library is a sufficient monument to his memory; and to St. Bartholomew's Hospital in London.

St. Evermont, born at St. Dennis la Guast, in Lower Normandy, April 1, 1613, quitted the profession of the law to become a wit in the court of Lewis XIV. from which he was banished for his reflections on cardinal Mazarine, and fled into Holland. But the phlegmatick disposition of the inhabitants proving unpleasant to him, he sought refuge in the gay court of Charles II. 1662, where he shone by the splendour rather than the solidity of his genius. His writings are elegant, but superficial. " He thought " Petronius more estimable than Se- " neca, being himself a voluptuary " and a wit;" but he was systematick in his pleasures, and a great economist in health and wealth, which prolonged his life to the age of ninety. He died in London, August 9, 1703, possessed of a competence. He was an enemy to all the grosser vices, and his libertinism was that of the court of the Grand Monarque, beyond which he never went, nor loved those who did. Count Grammont received excellent advice from St. Evermont, which he returned by calling him " the Cato of Normandy." He had a large wen, which grew between his eyebrows: this, with his great leather cap and grey hair, he used to laugh at. The first he durst not part with, for fear of his life; and the latter he preferred to a perriwig. He lies in Westminster-Abbey, near the clock, still warning the young and gay not to be wasteful of their health, strength, and fortune. Perhaps St. Evermont never felt his abilities more slighted, than when William III upon his introduction to him, coldly said, " I think you was a ma- " jor-general in the French service?"

[It is not always the mean of judging rightly to depend on a man for information of himself. The writer of his own life has

the correct knowledge of the facts to be related, but an opinion of them comes with more propriety from other quarters. In introducing the following remarks on the writings of Mr. Cumberland, however, we mean not to make a suggestion that could detract from the merit of the Biography which he has recently presented to the gratification and delight of every elegant scholar, nor even to say that the sentiments of the writer from whom they are extracted are more justly entitled to credit than Mr. Cumberland himself.]—*Emerald.*

Characteristicks of Mr. Cumberland as an Authour.

If the merits of a writer were to be estimated by the eagerness or indifference of the publick about his productions, it would be no easy matter to ascertain, whether Mr. Cumberland was in possession of little or much; for, from the commencement of his literary career to the present moment, he has been alternately admired and abused, followed and neglected; we know not to what this is attributable, unless to those extraordinary fluctuations of popular taste, which it is not more easy to account for than to prevent. The caprices of an English audience are so various, and their transitions from one extreme to another so rapid, that it is scarcely possible for an authour to please in many compositions of the same nature, however equally they may be written. The instability, however, is not confined to our own country. I have read an anecdote of a French authour who states, "that he had written no less than six different dramatick performances, for the express purpose of gratifying the taste of the town; not one of which, though a very expeditious writer, could he produce in sufficient time to secure their approbation." The West-Indian is the *chef dœuvre* of Mr. Cumberland, and indisputably one of the best comedies the present age can boast; it established early in life, the authour's fame, and is the only dramatick composition likely to perpetuate his memory. The language, is, in general, easy and elegant, with all the requisite familiarity of dialogue, without degenerating into loose equivogue and technical vulgarity. Belcour and O'Flaherty are admirably drawn characters; and the fable of the comedy, though in many particulars faulty, is such as none but a skilful dramatist could have constructed. The whole is a judicious combination of sentiment and action; of sentiment unperverted by affectation, and of action restrained by judgment. If we did not know that a man, in a whimsical and unsettled nation like ours, cannot possibly conform to his own idea of propriety in what relates to dramatick writing, we should censure Mr. Cumberland for quitting the method which seems to have guided him in his first productions; he has unfortunately, however, yielded to popular taste, and given us specimens of the very worst style of composition, sentimental as well as humorous; at the head of the former may be placed the *Dependent*, and of the latter the *Armourer*.

As a tragick writer, Mr. Cumberland is not above mediocrity; his CARMELITE has a few, and but a few good lines; the characters are out of nature, and the incidents palpably forced; indeed, the action is derived from so improbable a source, and the plot so romantically puerile, that the imagination is seldom deluded into any belief of reality. The *Battle of Hastings*, which seems to have been made up of *scraps* congregated from all quarters, is much inferiour to the Carmelite; and *Days of Yore*, the last production of this gentleman, far inferiour to both.

What, then, are the peculiar characteristicks of Mr. Cumberland's muse? since, for the comedy of the Old School he has no relish; for the extravagancies of farce he is too classical: and for tragedy he has more inclination than talent.

His *forte*, however he may have occasionally diverted into the less solemn department of the drama, is undoubtedly SENTIMENTAL COMEDY. Following the track of Hugh Kelly, he borrows his plot, character, and

language from the novelists, transfering, though with a delicate hand, the property of the circulating library to the stage. There is a wearisome sameness in all his plays, which is, perhaps, inseparable from their nature. "The union of two lovers is supposed to be prevented by a mercenary father or brother of rigid *honour;* nothing of course, can be more favourable to sentiment: the lovers lament their destiny with little or no effort to avert it: talk a pretty deal about *sensibility*, *sympathy*, *delicacy*, *feeling*, &c. till some unlooked for accident induces the parent to recall his prohibition, or the brother to relax his rigour."

Sentimental comedy is the least useful of all dramatick compositions, since it neither tends to the correction of the foibles and vanities of life, nor to the improvement of the hearts of mankind. The moral it inculcates is generally too lax for instruction, and the pity it inspires too weak to become active; it possesses neither the virtue of tragedy nor of comedy; it is the offspring of a ridiculous union, which retains none of the characteristicks of father or mother, according as in animal life, the noble qualities of either species are debased by a *mixture of breeds*. The audience depart from the sentimental comedy as from a cold lesson of musty morality; they admire the *fine sentiment*, indeed, but they have felt no emotion; the ear has been tingled by the frequent recurrence of a few specifick phrases; but the heart has had no share in the matter. Sentimental comedy is, indeed, rather injurious than beneficial to the interests of society; for people having learnt to gloss over their conduct by a set of pretty terms, are too apt to substitute the verbal apology for the active principle. The virtues are thus cheated of their due, while maxims become fashionable, and passion evaporates in sentiment.

Of sentimental writers, however, Mr. Cumberland is the first: he is a complete master of the elegances of style, and polishes with great taste and nicety. In his sentiment he is less hacknied and more diversfied, both as to matter and language than most other modern authours. If he seldom interests by happy induction of plot, and forcible display of character, he sometimes instructs by justness of observation, and frequently captivates by the brilliancy of his expression His productions however, numerous as they are, indicate no extraordinary strength of mind; they are more distinguishable for delicacy than vigour:—in short, they are less the effusions of genius, than the decorated refinements of taste.

From The Providence Gazette.

THE ADELPHIAD, No. 89.

We hope that we shall not be regarded as impertinent, if we presume to offer some observations on a subject, which, as a science, has not received the attention it deserves. It is needless to waste the reader's time, by descanting on the importance of painting as a science: he who loves to behold the countenance of a dear friend recovered from the ravages of nature, who takes delight in beholding the shades of those illustrious men, who, as warriours or statesmen, oratours or poets, astonished antiquity, when the immutable law of nature forbids us their persons, has already anticipated the utterance of the pen. The publick seem already to go hand in hand with us in our admiration; the parlour of every gentleman furnishes abundant evidence of the truth of this remark. American artists do not seem to have considered with propriety the subject on which their pencils have been employed. As painting must, from necessity, occupy but a very small surface, they indiscreetly crowd their canvas with such a variety of faces, that the eye finds enjoyment in none. If a battle is represented, for instance, and the death of some celebrated hero is a component part of it, his figure ought to arrest our attention the most, and consequently should occupy the most important station in the piece. His surrounding attendants, by countenances expressive of concern, should aid and abet the interest of the spectator in the principal object. After the imagination is thus once heated through the avenue of the eye, the glitter of bayonets, and a few scattered faces in the back ground, are all the materials requisite for the fancy to paint the battle. On the

contrary, when we survey a town in ashes, wounded men and wounded horses, all equally soliciting notice, all sympathy is dissipated by the multiplicity of objects. The eye, finding no rallying point, leaves off all research, and the painter enjoys all the credit of exciting burlesque, by dividing our sympathy equally for the death of a man or a horse.

An American painter once chose, as a subject of his pencil, the pillage of a town by night. The flames were discovered, and the distress of the inhabitants flying from their homes, and their firesides, half naked, guided only by the light of the conflagration, were represented in the most lively and affecting manner. The painter, however, did not stop here; but amid the inhabitants flying from desolation with open mouths, he represented a number of the enemy employed in the transportation of hogs, whose mouths *were likewise open in the act of imploring assistance* in swinish dialect. It is not every kind of distress that is a fit subject either for the pencil or the muse. The death of General Warren at Bunker's Hill, and of Montgomery at Quebec, is liable to criticism, if any judgment can be formed from the engravings which profess to have been taken from those paintings. There is a crowd and assemblage of faces in both, but each face seems too much occupied with distress of its own, to participate in that of another's. The following picture of the dire effects of a battle, drawn by Sir Sydney Smith, excites more sympathetick alarm than the most laboured generality of description. "I considered that the restoration of the capital to its lawful sovereign would be no gratification, if it should be found a *heap of ruins, ashes, and bones.*" To represent, on canvass, a retireing army, and a town in that situation, would make the eye of every spectator "dissolve in feeling's dew."

The muse of poetry may here give profitable instruction to her sister of the pencil. In a poetical description of a battle, no pity is excited; all is tumult, uproar and confusion; for instance:

"Now had the Grecians snatch'd a short repast,
And buckled on their shining arms in haste;
Host against host, their shadowy legions drew,
The sounding darts in iron tempests flew."

We then read of "dying groans" and "victorious shouts;" still Pity hovers on her wings, and knows not where to light amid such bustle and confusion. When the poet solicits the attendance of this delicate goddess, all this bustle retires, and we are presented with a personal encounter between two, instead of thousands.

"Æneas first advanc'd
The nodding plumage on his helmet danc'd;
Not so Pelides; furious to engage,
He rush'd impetuous with a lion's rage."

Here the mind begins to tremble with anxiety for the fate of the Trojan hero; how is that interest deepened now?

"Then rising ere he threw,
The forceful spear of great Pelides flew;
That pierc'd the Dardan's shield's extremest bound,
Where the shrill brass returned a sharper sound.
Æneas his contracted body bends,
And o'er him high his riven targe extends;
Sees through its parting plates the upper air,
And at his back perceives the quivering spear."

Even poets, whose attacks upon the heart admit of repetition, are compelled to resort to individuality, before a victory can be gained. This rule is far more necessary for a painter, who, if the first sally of his pencil on the eyes is not successful, is incapable of making another, and is obliged to retire with disgrace.

W.

ECCENTRICK ADVERTISEMENTS.

David Gilkeson, wishes to inform the citizens of Staunton and its vicinity, that he has commenced the Cabinet Making Business, in all its different branches, on the main street, leading to the Sweet Springs, and directly opposite Mr. Jacob Lea's, tanner, where by steady attention to business, he trusts to be able to oblige all who may think proper give him a call. He intends constantly keeping on hand a general assortment of work, which he will always warrant to be well made, and any furniture he may not have ready made, shall be made on the shortest notice.

For the *accommodation of his customers*, he intends constantly keeping on hand ready made *Coffins* of all sizes. He has also supplied himself with a hearse, for the purpose of delivering Coffins, any distance not exceeding twelve miles, and *further to oblige his customers*, he will convey the corpse to the place of interment, on said hearse, which will be *much more con-*

venient than conveying it in a waggon, and his charges for this additional trouble shall be moderate.

—

Williamsport Races.

On Wednesday, October 1st, will be run for, over a beautiful course on the banks of Potomack river, adjoining Williamsport, a purse of Sixty Dollars, free for any horse, mare or gelding, four mile heats, an aged horse to carry 126lbs. a six year old 120lbs. a five year old 112lbs. a four year old 102 lbs.and, a three year old, a feather. Three lbs. will be allowed for mares and geldings.

On Thursday, Oct. 2nd, a purse of Forty Dollars, two mile heats, free and carrying weights as aforesaid; the winning horse of the preceding day excepted.

On Friday, October 3d, an Ox Race, for a purse of Twenty Dollars, free for *any Bull, Steer or Cow* that never won a higher purse—one mile heats, carrying a feather.

And, same day, immediately after the Ox Race—a handsome sweepstakes, will be run for by Ponies, thirteen hands high and under, carrying a feather—one mile heats. The Horses and *Cattle* to be entered with Jacob Brosius, jun. and George Moudy, the day preceding each race, or double at the post—entrance one shilling in the pound. The Horse riders to be dressed in a Silk Jacket and Jockey Cap—*The Ox riders as they please.* Four Horses to start each of the two first days, at 12 o'clock, or no race.

Judges will be appointed to determine any dispute, and the purses will be paid by

Jacob Brosius, *jun'r.*
George Moudy.

—

DEARTH OF MONEY.

It is a universally-felt fact that money on loan, is almost become unattainable! The papers indeed still unceasingly teem with offers, but (saving one or two) they are all a kind of pecuniary quackery, holding forth infallible accommodation, yet on the trial, heightening the disease, by tedious treaty, injurious exposure, specious exaction, and final disappointment! From this (but too just) accusation, Mr. H. Jackson, claims entire exemption. The extent and opulence of his connexions (the distinguished meed of very many years unimpeachable professional practice) enable him, as hitherto, to mediate the loan of, from but 200l. up to 20,000l. or more, by redeemable annuity, and the interest alone required to be secured upon land, houses, the funds, settlements, jointures, church preferments, and other life incomes: But from people of rank, or high respectability, nothing more than merely personal security is desired. In every negociation confided to Mr. Jackson, and which he undertakes, its accomplishment is unfailing; just, prompt, secret, frank, and gentlemanly.

Post-paid letters, not anonymous, addressed (as for some years past) to Mr. H. Jackson, to be left at the New Chapter Coffee-House, Dukes-court, Long-acre, if from the country, will command an immediate answer; and if in London, a confidential appointment at the authour's house, the west end of the town.

—

Hughs offers to the nobility and gentry a fashionable assortment of Peruques, manufactured on such a principle as not to obstruct perspiration, &c. sufficiently covered with hair, so that they may be combed in any direction without the liability of their being discovered from a natural head of hair, dressed in the first style, and with a farther advantage, of never shrinking, a fault all others have. Only to be had at Hughs's fashionable hair manufactory, with the greatest assortment of modern hair ornaments.

—

MORTUARY.

From the (Portsmouth) Literary Mirror.

On Tuesday the 29th of March, departed this life, Jonathan Mitchell Sewall, Esq. Counsellor at Law, in the 61st year of his age.

The subject of this tribute to Genius and Eloquence, was born in Salem, Massachusetts, A. D. 1748. His parents died in the early part of his life; and his excellent uncle, the Hon. Stephen Sewall, at that time Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, adopted and patronized the young orphan; and from his invaluable counsels he imbibed that firmness of moral principle, honour and integrity, for which he was so eminently distinguished; and a love for Belles Lettres and elegant litera-

ture, which afforded him the most rational, refined and sublime pleasures. Mr Sewall was apprenticed to mercantile business, but some years before his term expired, he was attacked by a fever of the most malignant type, which reduced him so extremely low, that a voyage to a milder clime was recommended by his physicians, as the only means of recovering his health. He accordingly embarked for Spain; but although this salubrious climate produced a favourable effect on his system in general, yet the violence of the fever, and the necessary use of extremely powerful medicines, rendered him the future subject of exquisite nervous affections, and at times a prey to the keenest sufferings, which deprived his friends of the pleasure of his company, and the delight his fascinating and instructive conversation afforded. These discouragements, however, did not preclude his attention to the study of the law. Soon after his return from abroad, he commenced his legal studies with his kinsman, Jonathan Sewall, Esq. an eminent lawyer in Boston; and finally completed them with the late learned and worthy John Pickering, Esq. of this town. By him he was introduced to the bar, where for many years, and till his declining health obliged him to retire; he was equally celebrated as a pleader of distinguished merit and a gentleman of the strictest honour and integrity.

Elevated by ennobling and generous prinples above the love of popular applause, he never courted office at the hands of the publick; but that venerable body who framed the Constitution of this State, persuaded him to accept the office of Secretary; and he discharged the duties of his station in such a manner as to merit and receive their entire approbation.

In one particular sphere Mr. Sewall was destined to shine with unrivalled splendour. The humane, the fine sensibilities of his feeling bosom deplored the commission of crimes; while pity and compassion at the same moment impelled him to plead the cause of the criminal. Of all the capital causes he advocated, (and they were numerous) he never lost one. Success always attended his generous and ardent efforts; while the only fee that he usually received was the tear of gratitude, when a jury pronounced his poor client "not guilty." The widow, the fatherless, and the stranger, also found in his talents a never-failing resource; for without even the hope of reward, he devoted his great abilities to their service.

As a patriot, Mr. Sewall was no less distinguished than as a lawyer. The love of his country was a living principle that glowed within his independent bosom: And while his impassioned eloquence might have roused the sons of America to worthiest deeds, his powers of melody and song have led the gallant soldier on to battle, nd returned him from the field of victory triumphant in deathless verse. Attached to the illustrious Washington, from sentiments of veneration, respect and love, the inhabitants of Portsmouth, appointed Mr. Sewall to pronounce the funeral eulogy of the hero, the patriot, and the sage; and this admirable performance may be ranked among the first classical productions of the day; while the feeling, the pathos of the mournful oratour melted the hoary veteran into tears, and impearled on the cheek of beauty the dew of sorrow. But above all, he that now rests in the silent tomb was a firm believer in the Christian Religion, and bore honourable testimony in its cause. He delighted to explore the word of God, and his capacious and enlightened mind dwelt with rapture on the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of the Deity. His hopes of salvation firmly rested on the merits of his Redeemer. The divine truths of Revelation cheered his soul in the season of adversity, and under the pressure of bodily infirmity, enabled him to look forward with joyful expectation, to another and a better world. After a long retirement from the busy scenes of life, he was attacked by those afflicting nervous complaints which embittered so many of his days, with more than wonted violence, and after eighteen months patient and submissive suffering, he resigned his spirit without a groan or struggle.

May that Being who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," mercifully adapt his consolations to the particular situation of each individual of the bereaved and sorrowing family!

Virtues like those of a Sewall will long embalm the memory of departed worth: And while Genius without sensibility lives unbeloved, and Science without philanthropy dies unregretted; the fatherless, the widow, and the poor, gather round his grave; and even the prisoner, and the appointed for death, exclaim,

There sleeps our warmest, truest friend!

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,

NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.

ture, which afforded him the most rational, refined and sublime pleasures. Mr Sewall was apprenticed to mercantile business, but some years before his term expired, he was attacked by a fever of the most malignant type, which reduced him so extremely low, that a voyage to a milder clime was recommended by his physicians, as the only means of recovering his health. He accordingly embarked for Spain; but although this salubrious climate produced a favourable effect on his system in general, yet the violence of the fever, and the necessary use of extremely powerful medicines, rendered him the future subject of exquisite nervous affections, and at times a prey to the keenest sufferings, which deprived his friends of the pleasure of his company, and the delight his fascinating and instructive conversation afforded. These discouragements, however, did not preclude his attention to the study of the law. Soon after his return from abroad, he commenced his legal studies with his kinsman, Jonathan Sewall, Esq. an eminent lawyer in Boston; and finally completed them with the late learned and worthy John Pickering, Esq. of this town. By him he was introduced to the bar, where for many years, and till his declining health obliged him to retire; he was equally celebrated as a pleader of distinguished merit and a gentleman of the strictest honour and integrity.

Elevated by ennobling and generous prinples above the love of popular applause, he never courted office at the hands of the publick; but that venerable body who framed the Constitution of this State, persuaded him to accept the office of Secretary; and he discharged the duties of his station in such a manner as to merit and receive their entire approbation.

In one particular sphere Mr. Sewall was destined to shine with unrivalled splendour. The humane, the fine sensibilities of his feeling bosom deplored the commission of crimes; while pity and compassion at the same moment impelled him to plead the cause of the criminal. Of all the capital causes he advocated, (and they were numerous) he never lost one. Success always attended his generous and ardent efforts; while the only fee that he usually received was the tear of gratitude, when a jury pronounced his poor client "not guilty." The widow, the fatherless, and the stranger, also found in his talents a never-failing resource; for without even the hope of reward, he devoted his great abilities to their service.

As a patriot, Mr. Sewall was no less distinguished than as a lawyer. The love of his country was a living principle that glowed within his independent bosom: And while his impassioned eloquence might have roused the sons of America to worthiest deeds, his powers of melody and song have led the gallant soldier on to battle, nd returned him from the field of victory triumphant in deathless verse. Attached to the illustrious Washington, from sentiments of veneration, respect and love, the inhabitants of Portsmouth, appointed Mr. Sewall to pronounce the funeral eulogy of the hero, the patriot, and the sage; and this admirable performance may be ranked among the first classical productions of the day; while the feeling, the pathos of the mournful oratour melted the hoary veteran into tears, and impearled on the cheek of beauty the dew of sorrow. But above all, he that now rests in the silent tomb was a firm believer in the Christian Religion, and bore honourable testimony in its cause. He delighted to explore the word of God, and his capacious and enlightened mind dwelt with rapture on the wisdom, the power, and the goodness of the Deity. His hopes of salvation firmly rested on the merits of his Redeemer. The divine truths of Revelation cheered his soul in the season of adversity, and under the pressure of bodily infirmity, enabled him to look forward with joyful expectation, to another and a better world. After a long retirement from the busy scenes of life, he was attacked by those afflicting nervous complaints which embittered so many of his days, with more than wonted violence, and after eighteen months patient and submissive suffering, he resigned his spirit without a groan or struggle.

May that Being who "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," mercifully adapt his consolations to the particular situation of each individual of the bereaved and sorrowing family!

Virtues like those of a Sewall will long embalm the memory of departed worth: And while Genius without sensibility lives unbeloved, and Science without philanthropy dies unregretted; the fatherless, the widow, and the poor, gather round his grave; and even the prisoner, and the appointed for death, exclaim,

There sleeps our warmest, truest friend!

The price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Printed and Published, for the Editor, by SMITH & MAXWELL,

NO. 28, NORTH SECOND-STREET.